

Maybe it Started in the Train

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Summary: AU where the order didn't pick up Harry in the order of the phoenix. Instead, Harry is heading to Hogwarts right from the Dursleys, and someone unexpected helps him out. Warnings: Abuse. And very gay wizards. Nothing more exciting than a few kisses, just letting you know. Slight language warning (Just a few swears here and there y'know?)

Maybe it Started in the Train

AU where the order didn't pick up Harry in the order of the phoenix. Instead, Harry is heading to Hogwarts right from the Dursleys, and someone unexpected helps him out.

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Normally, Harry would be ecstatic as he approached the large black and red train. Today the golden letters that spelled out 'Hogwarts Express' seemed to only make his head pound. He could feel his worn down shoes drag on the concrete, but couldn't gather the extra energy to pick them up. He just couldn't find it in him to be happy as he sluggishly walked up the tile steps, and trudged to the back of the train.

He couldn't find Hermione and Ron, just assuming they were up in the prefect's cart. Harry waited until he was all the way back to find an empty seat. Just wanting to get away from the stares everyone was throwing at him. There was something in their eyes, and he hated it. It wasn't concern, it wasn't friendliness, it wasn't worry, and it wasn't fear. It was pity. They could keep their useless pity, what good would it do anyway?

He finally reached an empty compartment and heavily sunk back into

it, ignoring the pain that was shooting through his back, all the way to his neck. It made his jet-black hair stick up straight on his head, and his eyes were daring to droop down.

That normal, bright, emerald green was gone. They weren't exciting, and full of adventure anymore. They were the eyes of someone who had seen too much for his age, they were the eyes of someone who had no life left. The eyes of someone, someone you would have thought would never smile again. _Those were the eyes, of someone who had been told countless times, that he was worth nothing._

Harry blinked and fuzzily gazed at the floor. He moved his head upwards slightly, allowing the door to be visible. He checked multiple times to make sure he was alone before pulling up his shirt sleeve. There were multiple splotches of blue and black up and down it, making his pale skin seemed to have grown an almost white color. Along with the darker colors, red and pink marks, in the shape of swollen fingers, were pressed into his wrist, leaving the effective look of 'I was dragged somewhere against my will and tried to fight back'.

Harry heard footsteps and tore his sleeve back down his arm, covering the scene. He kept his head down, ignoring the bangs that were falling into his eyes. Someone knocked quietly in the doorway, and Harry was forced away from his thoughts. He glanced up and was taken aback slightly at the person who was waiting there.

Draco Malfoy. He had been expecting some Gryffindor asking for one thing or another, some Slytherin coming to make fun of him, someone he didn't know to badger him for information about what had happened last year, and how some people still thought he was a freak, a killer, or something of the likes. Harry had been told those last things every day anyway though, somehow letting the Dursleys get to him more than these students that he personally knew.

Draco Malfoy was standing there, leaning against the doorway. He looked guilty, like his entire world had crashed. Harry was wondering what had happened to him that made him look like that. Draco's hair was now free of the abundant use of hair gel, and it was slightly rustled up, still not near as messy as Harry's though.

Before Harry could asked what happened, he was struck with realization as he remembered what Draco had done last year. It had been just after the third task, and Harry awoke from the hospital wing to greet the knowledge that Draco had turned in his father. It has shocked him well enough, and it took him a moment to digest that information. Draco had turned in his father to Azkaban? Draco had knowingly done what was right, knowing that Voldemort would be infuriated.

Harry was shook out of his thoughts when he caught Draco looking at him, trying to read his expression.

"Are youâ€¦ Are you alright, Harry?" Draco's tone was rough, like it hadn't been used in a while. Harry snapped his head up, looking back at Draco. It allowed his face to be visible, and it made Draco take a step back. Harry's face was pale, the bags under his eyes worse than anyone he had ever seen, and there was a cut across his lip that stretched down to his chin.

"What happened to your face?" Draco asked carefully.

Harry eyed him with caution, trying to get what he was playing at. Harry trusted Draco to some extent, but he found it still hard to completely forget all the insults and fights during their first two years. Still, Harry found it hard to not tell the truth. How could he almost tell Draco something that he wouldn't even think to tell Hermione and Ron about?

"Nothing. What do you want?" Harry asked, flinching at the hard tone he used. He didn't notice that his voice was still soft, clearly not meaning the malice words.

"Ohâ€¦" Draco clearly didn't believe him, but decided not to push his luck, "I was justâ€¦ everywhere else is fullâ€¦ And then neither of us have to deal with the staringâ€¦" He mumbled, shocking Harry. Harry numbly nodded, and curled into the corner, pressing his knees against his chest.

Draco didn't say anything else and slid the door closed behind him, and Harry could have been sure he saw Draco blush, but pushed away the thought. Draco sat in the seat opposite Harry and, he too, pulled his knees against his chest.

Harry caught himself watching Draco. Why? He trusted Malfoy. Did he like him as a friend? Draco had barely insulted him at all last year, and when he did, Harry could tell Draco didn't mean it. He returned it, and couldn't remember purposely trying to bug him since second year.

>Harry was still watching him. He noticed that his hair was different now, and couldn't help but think to himself that it looked better, before pushing away the thought, thinking it was some kind of tease that was addled from his sleep-deprived mind. Harry pressed his cheek into his knee, turning his head sideways. He was leaning heavily against the wall, despite every movement hurting.<p>

"I-I justâ€¦ w-wanted to apologizeâ€¦" Draco was stumbling over his words, catching Harry's attention, "for everythingâ€¦ that I said beforeâ€¦"

Harry looked up at him, meeting his grey eyes with his empty green ones. Draco seemed to be forcing the words out, not wanting to get the wrong impression on this 'restart'.

"I don'tâ€¦ I don't actually hate you, or think that you're â€¦ a waste of space or anythingâ€¦" Draco was mumbling into his chest, his forehead meeting his knees, in a similar position to Harry. They had made up most differences last year, but Harry found himself very relieved to hear the words from Draco himself.

(AN: Imagine they never got into many fights at all, never any big incidents, were already OK friends)

"I'm sorry tooâ€¦ I should've done somethingâ€¦" Harry was feeling extremely exhausted now, and just wanted more than anything to sleep, but still couldn't bring himself too.

Nightmares. The feeling that this might all be a dream and he'd wake back up at the Dursleys. _The nightmares. He couldn't take any more of them._

"Don't say that." Draco moved his head up to see the guilty, sad, and over-exerted face of Harry. "You did just about everything you could. Youâ€¦ You helped me realize what I was doing. That it was wrong. Soâ€¦ I-I justâ€¦" Harry was listening intently now, loving the sound of Draco's voice.

>"Thank you." The words were so quiet Harry wasn't sure if he heard him right at first. After hearing Draco snuffle a bit, Harry knew he heard it right.<p>

The train had been moving for a few minutes by now, and Harry knew that Hermione and Ron wouldn't be coming in for about another 15 minutes.

"Harry?" The use of his first name startled him a bit. He was so used to being called "freak," "boy," "ungrateful pile of waste," etc. over the summer with the Dursleys.

"Yeah?" He whispered quietly.

"Why don't you sleep? You're clearly exhausted." Draco was leaning back, straight against the seat now. His grey shirt was making the light reflect brightly into the compartment, the normal blue jeans making his skin appear even paler.

"Can't." Harry mumbled before he could stop himself. _Damn. _Why'd he say that?

"Why not?" Draco asked curiously, eyeing Harry. Draco saw Harry's eyes widen and a flash of fear crossed them.

"Harry?" He asked again, not getting a response.

"What?" Harry's tone was fearful and slightly shaky.

"Why can't you sleep?" Draco repeated, getting slightly worried.

Harry stared mutely at him. "Erhmmâ€¦" He hummed quietly.

"Harry."

Harry looked up, his large eyes empty besides fear, tiredness, painâ€¦ He took a deep breath, and quietly said, "Nightmaresâ€¦" It was so soft and quiet, so timid that Draco could barely hear him. Draco looked intently at Harry, searching his face, and felt bad for Harry, knowing how bad it probably was for him.

"It's alright, Harry. You can sleep now. Nothing will happen, I promise." Draco was trying to reassure Harry, realizing he was being abnormally soft to the dark haired boy.

Harry nodded sluggishly. He was exhausted and his whole body was tired and sore, and hearing Draco tell him it would be alright, somehow made it ok to sleep. Harry felt his head drop lightly to his knees, his grip loosen on his knees, and his eyes drooped heavily closed.

Draco watched, mesmerized at Harry falling asleep. He just looked so

pretty, his eyes closed, his long eyelashes peacefully resting, his chest heaving up and down. Draco knew he shouldn't be watching Harry with such interest, he had no right to _like _him after all he's done.

AN: Next part should be up hopefully soon. Don't have too much inspiration to write right now though.

End
file.